

Kaz Fights the British

by BrazKaziverSkoliver

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Summary: Story time! Do you guys remember in "Bionic Dog" when Bree had a huge "crush" on Liam; her cellphone? Well, it was Leo's siri but you get the gist. Lol. Anyways, what would happen if she met a certain British guy named Liam and starting dating him? And would a certain fire-boy get jealous;) What happens if I throw a competitive Skylar into the mix! Find out by reading! :) BRAZ!

1. Chapter 1

The husky British laugh that filtered through into Kaz's ears after the hyperlift opened, made him roll his eyes in annoyance. Pausing in the hyperlift, he saw the object of his current frustration; Liam.

He watched with narrowed eyes as Liam stood next to Bree, whispering something in her ear while she was logging in the mission alerts from last week. It made Kaz's blood boil with anger. Or maybe it was jealousy. Either way, he felt something distasteful in the pit of his stomach. And that unsettling feeling made him want to do nothing more than shoot bursts of fire from his hands at the guy standing next to Bree.

The twisted sneer that formed on Kaz's face even screamed that if he was a heartless person, he probably would've too.

Untightening his tensed fists, he took a deep breath before stepping out of the hyperlift, and making his way over to the pair. "So," Kaz started off nonchalantly, slamming his hand down lightly right in front of Liam's on the hyper desk.

In other words, in between the intruder's hand that was so close to touching Bree's. It lay resting on the desk, as she typed on the computer with her other one. Kaz had spotted Liam's finger scooting over to Bree's before he blocked him, slamming his own hand down

between them.

Back off! This girl's mineâ€|even if she doesn't know it yet.

A sly grin replaced his smirk after he saw Liam move back.

That's right, buddy boy. You may be her boyfriend now, but you won't be for long. Besides, do you really think she'll pick you over me? I shoot fire out of my hands and mouth. The only thing you can do is suck girls in with that British accent of yours? Well, guess what, buddy boy? That ends here.

"How are you working on those logins, Bree?" Kaz grinned down at her.

Bree cracked a small smile in return, before turning back to the screen. "So far so good." She typed a few more things and then let out a relieved sigh. "And that about finishes the logins!"

Kaz raised his hand towards her for a high five. She obviously didn't notice it though because she turned back to Liam.

With a dejected look in his brown eyes, Kaz slowly lowered his eager hand back down. "So much for that." He mumbled, watching Bree as she reached for her coat on the chair.

"Hey Kaz, Liam and I going to dinner." Bree smiled at her boyfriend, barely giving a glance to Kaz, as she interlocked her fingers with his. "Don't wait up ok!"

"Yep." Liam stated, chuckling. "I'm taking my Lil Lass out to eat some real British food."

Bree leaned up to kiss her boyfriend's cheek. "Oh, Liam." She cooed, giggling at him in that girly manner that the superhero adored. Now of course, he adored it more when it was directed at him, and not some wannabe British popstar.

Kaz stood there saying nothing, as he watched Liam lead his crush into the hyperlift. Just before the hyperlift doors closed though, Kaz could have sworn he saw the guy sneer at him.

"Ugh," Kaz let out a growl, tightening his fists all over again. "I hate that Liam." His eyes narrowed into thin slits, "Who does that guy think he is anyway? A British lover?" Kaz scoffed, plopping himself down in the chair that Bree took her jacket from.

An amused laugh entered the room. "Well he is British, buddy."

Kaz was too busy in his own irritated thoughts that he didn't even hear the beep of the hyperlift, signaling that it was sending someone else down.

Kaz turned his head towards his brother. "Why does Bree even like him, Oliver?" He pouted. "So he calls her his Lass, so." Kaz mumbled mostly to himself. "I could do the same."

The heart broken guy looked down at the tiled floor, staring down at his black shoes in sadness. "If that's what she really wanted."

After a few seconds of silence, Kaz bit his lip and got off the chair. "What are you even doing down here, bud?"

Oliver shrugged. "Well, after I saw Bree coming up from mission command all cuddled up to Liam," He paused, crinkling his nose in disgust, "I thought I'd be best to go check on you."

Kaz patted Oliver's shoulder. "Thanks, bud." He forced at smile at his best friend to hopefully ease his worries. "I'm fine though."

Oliver nodded for a second, trying to think of something to say, before he looked back at Kaz. "You know," The tall superhero said, placing a comforting hand around his brother's back, "Bree might be beautiful to you. She might even be able to make you laugh until you fall over," He paused, meeting Kaz's eyes with a serious look, "but she is not the only girl that can make you laugh, and she is_ definitely_ not the only girl that is beautiful out there, buddy."

Shortly after he finished talking, Oliver waited in anticipation for his brother to crack a smile. And his brother did not fail him.

Kaz smiled widely, turning his head around to face Oliver.

That sentence sounded so similar to the one Kaz had told Oliver a couple months ago when he was suffering from a girl, and judging by the pointed look on Oliver's face, Kaz could tell his best friend said it like that on purpose.

"_**You know, Skylar might be gorgeous to you. She might even be able to make you smile until your cheeks hurt, but she is not the only girl that can make you smile until your cheeks hurt, and she is definitely not the only girl that is gorgeous out there, bud.**_"

"_I know, buddy."_

Shaking his head out of the ironic memory, Kaz chuckled amused, "I know, bud."

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"and while we're talking about Tecton owning Adam," Chase smirked, tilting his head at Kaz and Skylar with a devious grin, "who do you think would own the other out of you two?"

Oliver looked at Chase with terrified, wide eyes, giving him a look that screamed, "Do you even know what you just got us into?"

Chase just rolled his eyes at him, "So?" He pressed them.

Oliver noticed Skylar's fingers tightening around the throw pillow that she was holding onto, showing that she was definitely trying to control herself. And Kaz was staring stonily down at his black shoes. His jaw was tightened in determination, and Oliver knew that Kaz too was trying everything he could to control himself.

Skylar vs. Kaz

_Can someone help me re-build Mighty Med hospital as soon as possible please? _

This is not a drill!

Oliver slowly brought his eyes back to Skylar. And he could only swallow in dread when he saw an evil smirk slowly form upon Skylar's pink lips.

_Oh Chaseâ€¦ _

Look what you just got us into?

"Ok yeah," Skylar finally broke the long, eerie silence, swiftly turning her head towards Kaz, "That's hilarious." The caldarian snickered. "Like lil ol' irresponsible Kaz could lay a finger on me!" She taunted.

"Don't you forget, fire-boy," Skylar glared at him, "going against Skylar Storm is the last situation you want to find yourself in!"

Skylar eyes twinkled with mischief. "I mean I'm sure even Liam could beat youâ€¦and he's not even a superhero." She cracked, laughing.

Kaz's lips twisted into his own dirty sneer. "We'll see about that, Skylar Storm!" He snarled, before pouncing off the couch. Kaz quickly raised up his right hand and shot a burst of pure fire towards her. Skylar screamed as it was unexpected, before back-flipping behind the couch right before it touched her.

Oliver's eyes widened in horror.

And Chase's jaw dropped, astonished.

Oliver sent the bionic his dirtiest look, before turning to his angered brother. "Kaz, what the heck did you do that for?"

Kaz grit his teeth, watching his knuckles as they slowly cooled off, dimming the orange sparks. "That Space Witch asked for it." He seethed, pointing at the shocked Skylar behind the couch.

He brushed Oliver off, and stepped over to the caldarian. "You have just met your match, Skylar Storm." He spoke in a cold voice. "Don't mess with me!"

"Kaz," Skylar exclaimed in a bewildered voice, "I was just joking!"

Kaz's eyes just flashed with more intense fire. "Were you, Skylar Storm? Were you?"

After that was shouted, Kaz blew on his hands to get rid of the residue and walked briskly over to the hyperlift. "I'll be down in mission command if anyone needs me," He growled out in irritation, "but please do us both the favor and don't need me!" He snapped.

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Skylar walked back from behind the couch. "Wow! Are Liam and Bree still getting to Kaz this much?"

Oliver sat back down on the next couch, sighing. "Yeahâ€|" He trailed off with exhausted eyes. "He's hurting so much and I don't even know what to do."

"And I thought it couldn't get any worse last weekâ€|dang was I wrongâ€|." Skylar mumbled, trailing off.

Suddenly, as if something had just occurred to him, Oliver glared over at her "And you teasing him about Liam was just cruel, Skylar!" He exclaimed. "It was unbelievably rude, and as much as I like you, I'm so disappointed in you right now!"

Skylar just stared down at the throw pillow she grabbed, feeling ashamed with herself. After a second of silence, she looked back up at Oliver and Chase. "I'm sorry ok." She sighed. "I guess I just let my competitive side take control of me."

Oliver glanced at her, shaking his head in annoyance. "You could have seriously gotten hurt, Skylar." He took a deep breath. "You can't just egg people on like that alright!"

"Ok." She groaned out in frustration. "I'll try harder."

"There's no _trying _about it, Skylar!" Chase barked, taking the initiative of raising his voice since she still wasn't getting it. "You could get seriously injured. I mean of course Kaz wouldn't seriously hurt you because you guys areâ€|errâ€|twisted friends, but others," He paused as he took a deep breath, staring down at her with a clipped look, "wouldn't think twice about slaughtering you!"

Skylar swallowed. "Ok." She murmured. "I won't do that anymore."

"You won't do _what_ anymore, Skylar?" Chase pressed, still glaring.

"Egg people on!" Skylar cried out near tears.

"Ok Chase," Oliver spoke up in a strong voice, "I think she's had enough!"

"Fine." Chase muttered.

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"No, Liam. I'm not gonna hang up on you!" Bree cooed, smiling as she talked on her phone.

'You hang up ok." Her legs were across Kaz's lap, and her head was resting on the arm chair. "No," Bree cooed again. "I'm not gonnaâ€|aw you don't want to hang up on your lil Lass."

Bree smiled up at Oliver and Kaz, putting her hand over her chest, mouthing, "Liam doesn't want to hang up on his Lil Lass. Isn't he

just the sweetest?"

Glancing at Kaz, Oliver could tell by his miserable facial expression that his brother was basically praying, "Take me to Megahertz. Or just let me go die in a holeâ€¦ Anything to escape _this_."

Oliver crinkled his nose at her oh so cheerful face. "So sweet." He muttered in chagrin.

"Hey, here's an idea." Oliver forced a smile at Bree. "If you hang up now, you'll get to miss him more later."

Bree bit her lip like she was in some serious complications. "Uhâ€¦no." She decided on. Bree then laid her head back down, "I mean if he's not gonna hang up on his gorgeous lass, then I can't hang up on my Bee's Knee's Liam!" She explained, shrugging as she put the phone up to her ear. "I'm back, you British cutie!"

Kaz let out a slight gag after she called him a "British Cutie."

And why the heck did she say "Bee's Knee's" Is that someone disgustingly weird British word for awesome or something?

Bree of course didn't notice because she was too busy gushing over Liam, which was another thing that made Kaz's heart crack even more. He sighed and slumped back into the couch, mumbling, "So this is what hell feels likeâ€¦"

Oliver looked at his best friend with sad eyes. What could he do for him? This wasn't fair! And what made matters even worse, was that Bree had him basically trapped down to the couch with her _legs_, all while she gushed at her boyfriend.

Just as Oliver heard Bree let out another squeal, along with another revoltingly cheesy nickname, his eye twitched in aggravation.

Oliver looked over at Kaz's brown desperate eyes. They were pleading for him do something, anything, to stop this hellish situation. Oliver could tell his brother just wanted to curl up into a ball and probably die. That's how crippled his facial expression looked.

Suddenly, Oliver stopped fighting off the urge he had first felt weeks ago. Honestly, he didn't like Liam either. There was just something about him that didn't sit right with himâ€¦.but he just couldn't place his finger on it. But it didn't anymore. Enough was enough!

That's it! It's time for you to say goodbye to Liam, Lil "Lass".

Stretching his arm out towards Bree, he pretended to reach for the remote resting between the couch and her back. Smiling slyly, Oliver felt his hand slowly start getting colder with only one mission on his mind. He was going to slaughter that phone resting against Bree's ear. She was so carelessly laughing at whatever Liam was saying, and Oliver had enough of his best friend's pain being caused by her. He was ending it ****now****!

Oliver gave his fingers a few more seconds to freeze before he spread

them out individually, letting his cryo-blast take control.

It only took a half of second for the whole phone to become a block of ice.

Bree screeched from the freezing sensation against her face, throwing the now block of ice down on the floor. "Oliver, what the heck what that for?" She jumped up off the couch, shaking the ice shavings out of her hair. "I can't believe you did that?" She yelled at him in anger.

Oliver tried his best to at least look apologetic. "Bree, it was an accident."

"I was reaching for the remote behind you, and I guess I just lost control of my powers for a second."

Bree shook her head at him in aggravation, as she felt the ice shavings from her hair falling down her neck. "Ugh, I'll be in the shower."

Oliver snickered as Bree stomped out of the room, mumbling all about how "boys were annoying animals."

He stole the seat that was previously Bree's, plopping himself down next to his brother. "And that's the end of the 'British Cutie'." He mocked with a victorious grin, slinging an arm around Kaz's shoulder. "There's no way she's gonna be able to explain that to Liam!"

Kaz grinned up at his best friend. "I cannot believe that you, goody two-shoes Oliver, ruined _Bree Davenport's_ iPhone."

Oliver pumped his chest playfully, smirking. "What can I say, man? I do it for my brother!"

Kaz cracked up at Oliver's antics, throwing his head back. "I love you, bud!"

"I love you too, buddy. Always!"

Oliver pulled Kaz into a brotherly hug.

"Really though." He whispered after the two pulled apart from each other. "She's not the only girl in the world, Kaz."

"I know, Oliver." Kaz agreed, "But even though Bree Davenport might aggravate me beyond belief, she's someone worth waiting for." He finished off, smiling. "She really is."

Meanwhile, a few feet behind them stood Bree Davenport with a towel wrapped up in her hair.

"Kaz likes meâ€|" She whispered to herself. "What?"

**Dun Dun Dun! Aren't I so mean? ;) If you guys want a second chapter to this Braz shippers, then I'd advise you to review, favorite and follow! :) I hope you enjoyed this! Until next time! **

It's been about a week since Bree had overheard Kaz and Oliver's private conversation about her. Bree wouldn't call it eavesdropping because technically it wasn't. She had meant to walk in and continue to nag Oliver. After all, it was the lack of control of his powers again that resulted in another thing of hers being broken; her phone.

Instead, however, the bionic brunette had overheard Kaz share with Oliver that although she could aggravate him, she was worth waiting for. And Bree honestly didn't know how to feel about that at all. Since then she's been trying to deny the huge smile that lit up her face after he said those words. Bree brushed it off as just feeling flattered though because there was no way that she reciprocated Kaz's feelings.

Kaz was irresponsible, a complete prankster, a button-pressing clown, a pig-sitting idiot, and he probably couldn't even be serious if someone was aiming a gun at him.

Bree still remembered when Roman and Riker captured them a few months ago.

"_Well, well, wellâ€|" _

"_Look who showed up to play hero."_

Bree remembered Oliver letting out a growl that intimidated even her. And she didn't think that was possible. Let's just say that Bree respected Oliver a lot more after thatâ€|

"_Where's my brother, Roman!"__

This happened after Kaz had been missing for a couple of hours. Skylar, Oliver, Chase and herself had desperately tried searching for him. However, since Mr. Davenport had installed a tracking chip in both Kaz and Oliver, tracking him wasn't a problem. It seemed like that was exactly what Roman and Riker were hoping for though. When they arrived, they were all ambushed by his "helpers"; about eight of them, before they could even shake their heads. It was a fight that was unexpected, and a fight that they had lostâ€|big time.

_After they were pushed into the cell, the next thing she noticed was Kaz being led into the room by Riker, none too gently either. His hands were tied in front of him, and Bree knew right then that something had to be weakening his powers. Yellow sparks were continuously lighting up his wrists, and she watched as the residue kept falling to the floor. _

"_Lookâ€|look guys," His labored breathing was clearly noticeable. "I'mâ€|I'm releasing fireworks now." He groaned, closing his tightly before opening then again, "Aren't I the coolest?"_

Bree remember thinking, "Is now really the right time to make even the slightest joke, Kaz?"

It seemed like to Kaz _anytime_ was the right time to crack a joke though. It didn't matter if you were about to get killedâ€|.apparently as long as you died laughing. That stupid brave idiot!

"_What's happening to him?" Bree demanded, running up to the metal bars. _

_She tried shaking them, "What are you doing to Kaz?" _

Oliver followed suit, trying to rip off the bars with his super-strength. This was about the twentieth time he tried, but his powers seemed to not be working. Realizing it was useless, he kicked the bars in anger, "Dang it, Roman! Stop playing games! What are you doing with Kaz?"

_Roman sneered, "It's probably just the serum we jabbed in his arm!" _

_Chase slowly rose off the ground, "What serum?" _

"_Yeah, Roman!" Bree snarled. "What serum?"_

_Roman circled Kaz with a taunting grin, "Oh, it's just a serum that's supposed toâ€" _

They were suddenly interrupted by a startled gasp from Kaz.

Alarmed, Bree quickly turned towards Kaz and Riker.

Her eyes immediately darkened after meeting Riker's eyes, "God, what are you doing to him!" She shouted.

_The team heard him release a few loud groans. _

_Then Riker shoved him forward. _

_Kaz fell on the floor, still groaning uncontrollably. It was clear that Roman and Riker weren't going to spill, so Bree and the others were forced to watch as their teammate suffered. _

Bree stared at the ground for a good while, just thinking, trying to ride herself of the painful memories. She couldn't understand why Kaz thought making a joke while his life was in jeopardy would be a good thing.

Running a hand through her raven-colored beach-waves, Bree asked aloud, "Why does Kaz joke around like that anyways?"

"Maybe because it's the only way he knows how to cope." Oliver piped up from behind her.

Bree raised her eyebrows, "What do you mean, Oliver?" She asked, confused.

Oliver shrugged. "Kaz is a weird guy so he does things differently than most of us do." He said simply, grabbing an apple from the fruit bowl beside her. He bit into it, slightly sneering, "Besides, shouldn't you be with Liam?"

Bree frowned. "No."

"We broke up a few days ago." She sighed.

Suddenly, her eyes widened when Oliver turned around, "Hey, don't change the subject on me, Mr."

Oliver sighed, throwing his apple core in the trash. "Do we really need to get into this?" Oliver turned back around to face her. "Like I told you, Kaz just does things differently alright!" He rolled his eyes, trying to leave again.

"No," Bree snapped, "it's not alright"

And like the 'mother duck' she constantly acted like, Bree pointed to the stool across from her. "Now sit!" She demanded.

Oliver grit his teeth at her. "No."

Bree arched an eyebrow. "Excuse me."

"I said no," Oliver responded promptly, "and if you think that you can just command me to do something like I'm some trained animal, then you've got another thing coming sister." He finished off with a hard glare.

_And considering how awful my best friend has been feeling because of you, why in the hell would I tell you anything? _Oliver added silently to himself.

"God," Bree shouted. "I just want to know why Kaz jokes around all the time!"

"Because he can!" Oliver yelled straight back at her. Then shooting her a clipped icy-glare, he snipped roughly, "And like you would even care anyways?"

Bree's jaw dropped, offended.

_Of course I care about himâ€|. _

_Kazâ€|he's myâ€|he's my friend; my teammate. Of course I care about him! _

Bree's eyes darkened. "And what do you mean by that, Oliver?"

Oliver's eyes widened in disbelief. "Oh, like you don't know!" He responded sarcastically, his jaw tightening.

"I don't, Oliver!" Bree retorted, all the while thinking that maybe she did know, but she couldn't tell Oliver that.

"Oh, you don't huh," Oliver laughed dryly, his hands gesturing around erratically, "then why don't I paint you an extremely _visual _picture!" He shouted, hopping onto the stool. Oliver roughly grabbed at the other stool, moving it closer to him, before kicking his feet up.

Oliver then looked straight at Bree, seething with anger. He used two of his fingers to create the symbol of phone, putting it up to his ear. "Oh Liam," Oliver mocked her in his best love sick voice. "You're such a British Cutie!" He continued to squeal, crossing one

of his legs over the other.

"Oh, yeah I'm crushing Kaz with my legs both physically and emotionally, but I don't care!" He tried to mock her nauseating peppy voice, letting out girlish laughs in between his words, but his rage was getting harder to subside. "I mean as long as I have my British Cutie, it doesn't matter how Kaz feels!" The last part Oliver yelled out in his own voice, no longer able to contain himself.

After a few seconds of trying to control his ragged breathing, Oliver set his feet back down on the floor. Bree just blinked once and sat down on the now empty stool. All she could think about was how pitiful he had looked, and it stung her because—because apparently he was just acting out what she does.

Bree swallowed, closing her eyes. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear, feeling self-conscious. And if she was being honest with herself, she was feeling a little pathetic too.

“Do I really act like that? _

"Bree, I'm sorry," Oliver spoke up after she opened her eyes, "but you had to see how you act sometimes," He mumbled to her gently, touching her shoulder, "especially when what you do can affect others—like my best friend."

Judging by her dejected facial expression, Oliver could tell that maybe he was a bit too harsh. Still though, he didn't regret it all. Yeah, maybe Bree was a little hurt, but he had to show her. After all, what if no one had given her the reality check? Could she have still been acting like this at twenty-five years old? Oliver shuttered just thinking about the idea.

You see, Oliver wouldn't let that happen. Bree was one of his close friends. It was kind of in the job description to watch her back. The team watched each other's back. That's just what they all did for each other. And just like she had given him a brutal reality check after he kept constantly losing control of his powers, Oliver felt like he needed to give her one.

"Bree, are you ok?" Oliver asked.

Bree let out a sigh. "Yeah." She mumbled.

"I just...I," Her voice cracked slightly, "didn't know I acted like that." She finished off in a whisper.

Looking at him with ashamed eyes, Bree murmured in a weak voice, "I'm sorry, Oliver."

Oliver cracked a smile. "It's ok, Bree."

He patted her shoulder, squeezing it comfortingly. "You're just a very vibrant girl." He chuckled, locking eyes with her. "And I'm not saying that it's bad thing, but it can be if you're not careful about who you're being vibrant about," Oliver shot her a pointed look, "or around who for that matter."

Bree stared at him for a few more seconds with a look that he couldn't quite decipher. Then she hopped off the stool. "I know about

Kaz." She admitted mumbling, crossing her arms.

Oliver raised his eyebrows at her. "What?"

Certainly she can't be talking about Kaz's feelings for her. She wouldn't know anything about that, right?

Bree looked up at him with weary eyes. "I said I know that Kaz has feelings for me."

Or she certainly can be.

Oliver slowly got off his stool, narrowing his eyes. "What are you talking about, Bree?"

Bree groaned. "I overheard you guys talking on the couch last week!"

Oliver looked down, cursing himself mentally, which was weird because it wasn't even his fault at all. Still though, he knew his best friend could end up hurt since Bree listened in.

Why would she even listen in on us? That was private!

"Bree," Oliver snapped, "why would you listen in on us?"

Bree's jaw tensed.

I _wasn't_. She stressed on the last word. "I just overheard Kaz when I was coming back down to continue to drill you for ruining my phone," She paused, glaring at him, "which I know you destroyed on purpose by the way!"

Oliver mouth dropped open in shock.

He stuttered, "Uhâ€¦uhâ€¦how do you know abo-"

"I overheard you too!" Bree quickly cut him off, rolling her eyes.

Oliver looked back up at her with apologetic blue eyes. "Errâ€¦I'm sorry."

Bree waved him off, sighing. "You know, it's whatever." She shrugged. "I bought a new one the day after anyways."

Bree walked over to the couch and plopped down. She leaned forward, resting her chin on her hand in frustration, "I mean I can't date him just because he has feelâ€¦"

"I know." Oliver interrupted, sitting down next to her.

He touched her back, looking down at her seriously, "I would never ask you to play with Kaz's feelings like that, or anyone else's for that matter."

Oliver glared down at the carpet, his jaw tightening. "I know what that feels like and it's not exactly the best feeling in the world ok!" He responded sharply, obviously thinking about his own experiences. "It's definitely a feeling that I wouldn't wish on

anyone; not even my worst enemies, but especially not the brother I've had since pre-school!"

Oliver looked back up, staring at the blank tv. "But look, whatever you choose to do with this new revelation is fine ok." He turned his head around to look at her. "Just don't hurt him," Oliver paused to give her a slight glare, "any more than you already have."

Bree nodded, biting her lip like she was thinking hard about something. Finally, she looked over her shoulder at him. "How did you and Kaz even become best friends anyways?" She shook her head, chuckling. "I mean you're so different from each other."

Oliver's face lit up with an amused smile. "It's a weird story."

Bree shrugged, smiling too. "Go on."

Oliver laughed, "Well, it all started in Mrs. Henderson's pre-school classâ€¦"

_A tiny boy with walnut-colored hair sat alone playing with his action figure quietly, trying to block out the laughter that filled the class room. _

_Nobody wanted to play with the scrawny kid. At least, that's what the boy in the black beanie had said to him. And it seemed like he was right, as he had gotten no invitations to play so far. _

"_Hi!" A goofy voice piped up from across the round table. "I'm Kazimierz!"_

The little boy set his action figure down, looking at the strange, chubby boy with a weird face. "I'm Oliver."

_Oliver watched as the raven-haired boy tilted his head at him, staring at him intensely. "Nah, I gonna call ya Ollie!" He laughed, sitting down on the tiny chair. "It easy to member better." _

"_Ok." Oliver shrugged his small shoulders, shooting Kaz a crooked grin. "Den ya Kaz fom now on."_

_Kaz grinned, "And we best friends." _

Oliver's heart lifted, "Yeah we are!"

"Awe," Bree said in a teasing voice, "you were all scrawny even then!"

Oliver shot her a deadpan stare. "You know," He started off, mumbling, "out of all the things I thought you'd say after me sharing my most treasured memory with you," He paused, rolling his eyes, "it wouldn't be you making fun of my scrawniness!" He snipped at her.

Bree pushed Oliver's shoulder. "I'm kidding, Ollie." She grinned teasingly at him again. Then twisting her lips to the side in thought, Bree asked, "Speaking of the name Ollie, does Kaz even still call you that?"

Oliver chuckled, amused. "Nah," Rolling his eyes in adoration at his brother's antics, Oliver murmured, "Kaz kind of decided in 5th grade that it would be a good time to add the word "pop" at the end of Ollie."

Bree tried holding back her smirk. "So in other words, it's Olipop now?"

"Yes." He mumbled.

Bree snickered.

"Hey!" Oliver glared. "I wouldn't be talking, Ms. Decimal Point!"

Bree gasped in humiliation. "Whoâ€|who told you about that?"

Oliver only smirked at her deviously, "A little birdie."

Bree stood up with narrowed eyes. "It was my brother, wasn't I?" She growled, "Because it sure wasn't my ex Ethan."

Oliver swallowed, saying nothing.

Bree's eyes lit up with fire, "Oh, I'm gonna go slaughter a Chase." She hissed, before super-speeding out of the living room. She passed the kitchen counter as quick as lightening, making the fruit bowl crash to the floor.

"Sorry Chase." Oliver squeaked.

End
file.